

Good Morning

\$27

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Five hundred drunken men built this Abbey

"Give Them More Beer" Order

FIVE hundred drunken men built Fonthill Abbey. "Give them some more beer!" cried William Beckford,

probably the richest man in England in 1800, and one of the most eccentric, when he saw the workmen flagging on the job of erecting the palatial residence he had designed for himself on his estate at Fonthill, near Hindon, Wiltshire.

"Give them more beer!" he cried, when they had delighted him by completing some particular piece of the work to his satisfaction.

The masons, the carpenters, the joiners and plasterers all drank deep.

Startled travellers, as they went by at night, saw the workmen reeling, shouting and singing on the scaffolding in the light of torches; for Beckford was not content with the usual working hours. He kept relays of men at the job, day and night, for seven days a week.

When Beckford inherited the Fonthill estate there was already a magnificent mansion on it, but he didn't like its position—it was too near the lake. So he had it down.

It was while he was superintending alterations to a summer-house that the idea of building a great house in abbey style occurred to this queer, wealthy enthusiast. He could not be bothered to pull down the summer-house before erecting one of the Abbey's towers on its site—it would take too long.

He insisted on the walls of the summer-house being continued to form the tower. And on the shallow foundations the 400ft. tower was built.

THIRD TIME LUCKY. The first tower was of wood, just to give him an idea of the effect. It was pulled down and another, of wood and cement, erected. This one fell down. Lastly, a tower of brick and stone rose on the summer-house site—and lasted for twenty-five years.

Before the work started, Beckford, annoyed at sight-seers and local squires chasing game into his grounds, had a wall, twelve feet high and seven miles long, built round his estate. Huge and massive gates were set in it, and manned by tough gatekeepers, who sent anyone who ventured near about his business.

But it was not long before the country people and spectators, drawn to the spot by the air of mystery and wild rumours, could see the scaffolding and tower walls rising above the trees.

They got a thrill—shared by Beckford himself—when the top of one of the two earlier towers caught fire and was destroyed.

Beckford watched the scene, which lit up the countryside for miles round, from a nearby hill, and seemed to think the sight worth the money it would cost him to rebuild the damaged part.

He hadn't to worry about money. It is said that he came into a million pounds when he was ten years old and that his yearly income was around £100,000.

The Abbey was built in record time. Beckford had sworn that he would eat his Christmas dinner in its dining-room, cooked in the Abbey kitchen.

A CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

The workmen, no doubt getting double rations of beer, did their best. But the time was short, and in spite of terrific effort, the kitchen was finished

By D. N. K. BAGNALL

only by Christmas morning. The bricks had not had time to settle in their places, the beams were not thoroughly secured, the mortar which kept the walls together was not properly dried.

All this was pointed out to Beckford, but he was resolved to keep his oath.

The fire was lit and a magnificent dinner cooked for the lord of Fonthill. The servants were carrying the dishes through the long passages to the dining-room when the kitchen fell in with a loud crash.

Beckford took the disaster calmly. He had carried out his intention—nobody, fortunately, had been injured—and he had plenty of cash to build a new kitchen.

The building of Fonthill Abbey cost Beckford about £273,000, and he lived in it for some twenty years. At the end of that time he lost possession of two slave estates in Jamaica, which were the principal source of his income.

Fonthill Abbey was opened to the public as an exhibition, and during the 1822 summer 7,200 paid a guinea each to visit the place that had excited so much interest.

As it happened, Beckford was well out of it. Three years later the tower on the summer-house site began to lean, and a

great crack appeared in it.

A Mr. Farquhar, who had bought the place, and who lived in it was an invalid. When he was told the tower showed signs of falling, he insisted on being wheeled out to look at it. After inspecting it he laughed at the idea that it was dangerous, and went back to his room. Half an hour later the tower collapsed.

It raised such a tremendous cloud of dust that the air for miles around was darkened, and horrified countryfolk came running to the spot, convinced that the whole Abbey had fallen down.

Curiously enough, no one was hurt, but a servant in a corridor got the blast and was shot thirty feet, and another person, towers.

The whole village would turn out to do the work, bringing their own tools and implements. They would hack away at the undergrowth, saw the trees and cut the grasses right through the night by the light of torches and lamps. And as they staggered home, sleepless to bed, the eccentric landlord would canter contentedly down the woodland path.

No doubt he paid well for the carrying out of such sudden impulses, for the villagers did not seem to grumble. And he always gave them a liberal allowance of beer if the job was well done.

He was not a hard landlord. He had fits of charity. On the spur of the moment he would order that a hundred pairs of blankets be bought and distributed to the village folk. Or he would have all the fir trees in an extensive plantation cut down and the villagers informed that they might take what they would for winter logs—provided they did it all in one night.

On occasion, he would instruct his men to round up every cart and wagon in the neighbourhood and send the wheeled armada off to load coal to be sent to the houses of the poor.

HE FLOGGED THE BEGGARS.

While at Fonthill, this strange lord of the manor hardly put his foot outside the massive gates. When he did do so the event soon became known, and before he got very far he would be met with numerous requests for charity.

But the supplicants never knew whether they would get a guinea thrown to them or whether he would fly into a rage and horsewhip them. Even if they got the whip, he usually sent them a guinea or two to make amends.

Although a visitor to the Abbey was almost an unknown thing, Beckford had a dinner served each day as though twelve were to sit at the table. Seated alone, with the most seductive array of dishes before him, and waited on by twelve servants, he would taste one dish and send the rest away.

He was, too, a Nature-lover. His vast woods, his fields, and the great lake abounded with game, but he would not allow a gun on the place. Indeed, he sent his servants to feed the birds that thronged his estates.

Even after his experiences at Fonthill, Beckford did not lose his passion for towers. He had one built on a steep, rocky slope near his houses at Bath, and rode out to it every morning. He gave orders that he should be buried by it.

When he died, aged 84 ("I have never had a moment's boredom in my life," he said), the church authorities refused to consecrate the ground, and his body was embalmed and placed in Lyncomb cemetery, near Bath.

But eventually the Church relented, and he was buried at the foot of one of his beloved towers.

Beneath The Surface



ON sunny mornings, when my packed bus is racing across Barnes Common, I often catch a glimpse of an erect figure, hatless and apparently sky-gazing, accompanied by a harnessed dog. I saw him again this morning, striding out like one breathing deeply and thanking God for the pure air and joy of life... the very tilt of his curly head was as if in constant communion with the heavens.

AN OLD FRIEND.

In the brief space of dashing past him I recognised him as a person I knew about 1912. I knew him then as one of the best swimmers of his school in my home town in Lancashire, and here he was again, still keeping himself fit, still breathing deeply as he always did when we walked the country lanes, as if to say "Thank you, God, for a lovely day."

He was blinded in the last war, and I remember when I returned to civvy life and heard about it, I tried to imagine his feelings... tried to think what the loss of his sight meant to him who so loved the vigorous life of the healthy outdoors.

My glimpse this morning told me that he was unbeaten.

That those searching eyes had found something.

What is it that ALL these heroic people find, which not only seems to compensate them, but makes them stand out in a world of grumblers, as men who have found a secret, an inner something which positively radiates happiness, a something which sees beyond all the futile pettiness into the realm of reality?

Did Milton supply the answer when he said, "God, Who took away my sight, that my soul might see"?

A NEW FRIEND

The other day I was talking to a friend of mine who met

With AL MALE

with a nasty accident some years ago. He slipped during a game of tennis, and as a result of complications, had spinal trouble which prevents him from sitting except diagonally (like a wrestler "bridging") in a chair. He can hardly walk at all.

Yet he travelled down from Blackpool (where he works) somehow, and made no bones about it.

Feeling that I had so much to be grateful for, I asked him why he was always so cheerful, and if he never looked back on his sporting days with envy.

"I look back on them," he said, "with pleasure. I think of the fun I had playing football and cricket... I think of those times as grand times which can never be taken away."

And, as if to belittle his heroism, he said, "Do you know Christian?"

I said that I had seen him, but didn't know him personally. "Well," my friend said laughingly, "Christian is blind... but he's the happiest man in Richmond at this moment."

SOME OF "THE FEW."

Of course, you know cases like this, and maybe worse.

Every time I pass the Star and Garter Home I see them sitting or lying out in the sunshine... they've been there since the last war, and some folks say they should not be on exhibition.

To my mind they are not on exhibition. And yet they are.

They are, only in so far as they exhibit the fortitude with which some men can "take it." They are an example to the passers-by.

Not only an example of the

futility of war, but a shining example of the triumph of our old comrades, whose undying spirit can never be broken... a lesson to all the snivelling grousers, of every type.

And, by Heavens, we need it. We need a something thrust before our eyes to make us think.

We who have so little to grieve about.

CONVENIENT FORGETFULNESS.

We who forget so soon, because we want to forget, because the thought disturbs our serenity of mind... puts us off our food... the very food we would not even have to eat if everyone wanted to forget... and went about forgetting.

Forgetting what? Forgetting others. Thinking ourselves so badly done by that we become a mass of selfishness, selfishness and greed.

Is it surprising that we forget Christ... the man who lived two thousand years ago, when we can so easily forget the men who are living NOW... and the women... and the children?

When we fill our heads with so much nothingness that we cannot even comprehend the greatness of the Almighty... yet hope for Divine protection? That we cannot think of others... yet expect God Himself to look after our particular needs?

Must we wait for calamity to bring out the spirit of fortitude? Must we have a hungry soul before we realise that there is an over-abundance of food for it... waiting to be drawn upon?

Let's open our eyes NOW. Let's live more fully, as we ought to live, receive kindly, and give of our best to life.

Then... if the eyes be the mirrors to our souls... we won't have such a vacant stare.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

HERE is a grand old Scot with a fine zest for living. He is Mr. Samuel Brown, who, at his home, Bluehouse Cottage, Pathhead, Midlothian, the other day celebrated his 102nd birthday.

He likes a drink of the real Mackay and a smoke, but remarked that "thanks to that ol' blaggard Hitler I'll hae no caudles on ma next birthday cake."

His recipe for longevity is hard work and plain living. Still possessing a hearty appetite, he thinks his meat ration not large enough, and says "They can keep their tea if there's nae sugar in it."

He's a stickler in having the clocks in his cottage accurate,

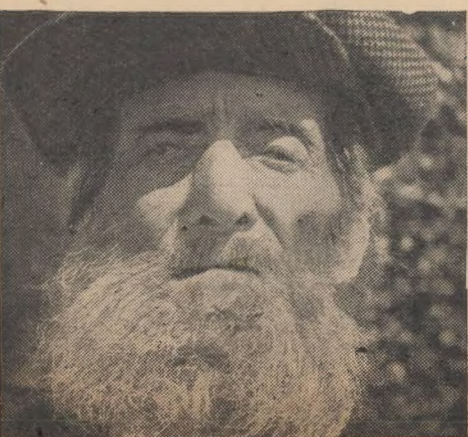
and times them every day by the radio chimes of Big Ben. Born at Bankton Farm, near Tranent, Midlothian, "Sam" started work at twelve years scaring crows: has been an agricultural worker all his life, and has served under three Earls of Stair, on whose estate he now lives in retirement.

The oldest member of the Dalkeith Court Pride of Midlothian Ancient Order of Foresters, which he joined in 1874, Mr. Brown on his birthday received from the Order a present of a bottle of whisky and a pound of tobacco.

"Sam" was somewhat caustic about the strength of the whisky now compared with the real stuff you used to get in 1860!

102—AND HE'S AYE

A GRAND TOUGH SCOT



SUNDAY FARE

for you—and census day for the Zoo

Says ANDREW SLADE

EVERY twelve months the curators and keepers of the London Zoo get together and compile a "national register" of their animals.

They discover how many bean-birds make five, and from a welter of coiling necks they have to count how many flamingoes are on parade.

It is by no means a simple census to take of birds, beasts and reptiles.

Imagine the difficulties of counting small reptiles who have a way of hiding themselves among the rocks and plants in their dens, or the task of enumerating fish which like to burrow deep down beneath the sand!

An elaborate card-index system preserves a separate record of every inhabitant of the Regent's Park Gardens, from the tiny transparent tropical fish to every elephant or hippo.

IT'S ON THE CARDS.

Date of arrival, name of donors, births, deaths, and the occasional sales—all are accounted for. Armed with these particulars, the keepers go to the cages to check the lists.

Some time ago they looked in vain for an old seal named Fanny. Fish failed to bring Fanny to the surface, and eventually they had to drag the pond. Fanny was found dead at the bottom. Someone had given her a handkerchief to eat.

Another time, penguins were being kept with the sea lions. A grey seal newly arrived from Ireland was duly counted, but four penguins seemed to have vanished altogether.

A suspicious bulge amidships of the grey seal finally indicated the trail.

X-ray photographs showed that those unfortunate penguins had gone for ever! Instead of being counted, in fact, they had taken the count!

There was a storm one census-day when a capuchin monkey was found to be missing from his cage in the small mammal house. Naturally, he hadn't been absent for more than a few hours, and he could not have gone very far.

The searchers, in fact, eventually discovered him in a coal store under a neighbouring house. Black and

nearly unrecognisable, the little animal resisted capture for some time by pelting his pursuers with kitchen brighs!

There is no official attempt to count the occupants of the Cairo Insect House.

A valiant curator once attempted the feat, and got as far as the glass case containing two armies of warring ants. Then he tore up his records in disgust.

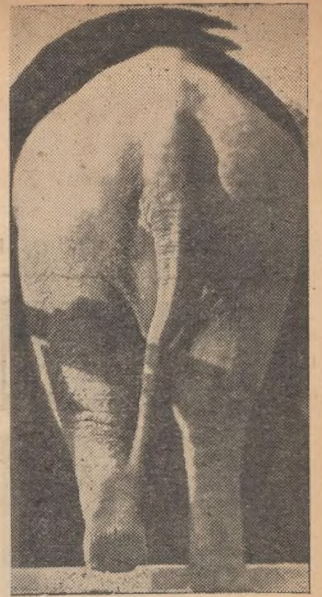
PRICE BY AGE.

To date, the Zoo authorities know that they have some 3,800 animals, birds and reptiles of a value nearing £35,000. The

long run her very close. Sumba and Sumbawa, the two komodo dragons, are very scarce indeed. If the Zoo had to sell out, these would fetch at least £900.

Stocktaking shows up all the secrets of the animal kingdom. The 20,000 accurate records of longevity at Regent's Park prove that an animal's ripeness of years has no relation to its size. Many little Zoo exhibits outlast the outside ones.

The elephant seldom passes seventy years; giant tortoises 200 years old are known to exist. The Zoo has one case of a parrot reaching 102, and



ITEM: 1 Elephant

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a close-up of a paint brush.

HOW I DEFEATED HITLER'S REAL SECRET WEAPON

By ODO DREW

(Who wrote this story on the walls of his padded cell in Colney Hatch.)

I AM now permitted to reveal, though only in broad outline and not in detail, the story of what is, I think, without a doubt, my greatest job for M. & B. 693, the special Naval Intelligence Branch.

It is so fantastic that, had I not experienced it myself, I should have regarded it as a figment of some fertile imagination. If you don't believe it, I don't care.

Let me first give the background. Students will know the great part played in German "culture" by the old Teutonic legends in which gods murder and rape and betray—in which, in a word, they behave like complete outsiders and cads.

These "virtues" have been "immortalised" by German writers and others, as witness Wagner and his Nibelungenlied. Only recently Ludendorff endeavoured to abolish Christianity in the Reich and substitute the worship and reign of these evil beings.

SEX APPEAL.

The second thing to remember is the legend of the "Lorelei." The Lorelei was a maiden (?) who, in despair over a faithless lover, threw herself into the Rhine near St. Goar. She became a siren whose voice lured fishermen to destruction.

Those who saw her lost sight or reason; those who listened to her were condemned to follow her for ever.

The story has long been a favourite with Germans, and Heine made it the subject of his poem, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten" (I do not know what that signifies).

Generations of Germans have shed tears over this "poor girl." But what they did not know was that she was not drowned and that it was not a phantom sitting on the rock in the Rhine; that not only did she live for many years, but was married twice, had a big family, and that her descendants still inhabited that part of the country.

Goebbels found it out, and so did I—and all this explains why, in order to defeat his devilish scheme, I was dropped one night late in December,

1941, from a plane some twenty-odd miles south of Coblenz, not far from the Rhine.

This, briefly, was Goebbels' plan. The Nazis had rounded up a score or so of the Lorelei's descendants, all well-built females with loud voices, all blondes, and all possessing in marked degree the evil powers of their far-off ancestress.

CRUEL SIRENS.

They were put through a course of intensive training, and before long were ready to occupy strategic positions, situated usually on the seacoast. Then, at a given signal, they would begin to lure all mariners to their doom.

There is no need to emphasise to sailors the hellish danger. Look-outs in merchant vessels would hear these voices and either go blind or lose their reason.

Officers of the watch on warships would be forced to follow the voice and pile up their ships on rocky shores, or else take them direct into specially prepared minefields.

Mines can be swept up, submarines destroyed—but who could wipe out this menace, once it was let loose in the world?

This, then, was Hitler's real secret weapon, and never will there be a more deadly one.

I cannot go into details of my investigations, pursued through all hazards and in constant danger. Suffice it to say that I discovered that on a certain night towards the end of February, 1942, the whole gang was to be assembled for final instructions, and that, with typical German thoroughness, they were to be gathered on the summit of that 400ft. high rock by St. Goar. It was felt by Hitler that, there, they would absorb the spirit of the original Lorelei.

What they did actually absorb was something quite different.

As midnight struck, a mighty wave of heavy bombers from Britain swept over and blasted the summit of the rock, blowing all its foul brood back to hell where they belonged.

Just another job, as I have said.

When I got back, the supreme chief of M. & B. 693 sent for me and said, "You took a devil of a time over that Lorelei business, Drew."



ITEM: THE 3 BEARS

valuation is, perhaps, more difficult than the duty of counting the exhibits.

Each individual creature can only be priced by knowing its exact age and condition and by a knowledge of the average length of life in activity.

If price is any indication of real kinship among beasts, the gorilla reigns supreme, for Molina, the wonderful specimen in the Zoo, was once valued at £1,000. Two reptiles scarcely a foot

Cocky, the famous sulphur-crested cockatoo, is known to be fully sixty.

Chimpanzees are ancient at ten years, lions do not last much beyond the age of seventeen, yet a tiger will still be frisky at twenty-five. The famous Zoo alligator, George, is known to be about 115.

AND AGE BY LINES.

The Zoo's census takers tell the age of fish by their lines.

A microscope is used to show the number of tiny lines on the scales. With each year of growth the fish puts on a new line.

Reading between the lines, indeed, you can congratulate a fish on its birthday.

ITEM: THE 5 OF US



PUZZLE CORNER

AFTER juggling with a recent puzzle, wherein three rows of numbers totalled the same down and across, one of the lads made up a set of his own, as follows:—

But you will see that only the two top rows, and the middle one down, total the same (89). However, had he reversed the figures in three of the numbers he put down, all six rows—across and down—would have totalled the same—(but not 89).

Can you twist it into shape?

A SAILOR had four daughters, whose combined ages were 44 years. Audrey and Yvonne together were as old as Norma. Five years later Audrey was as old as Violet and Yvonne together; and four years later still Norma's age was Violet's plus Yvonne's. How old were the four girls when we first met them? (Answers in S28.)

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in S26.

A (12)—
73 + 9 + 24 + 10 + 18 = 134
B (9)—
73 + 12 + 24 + 10 + 18 = 137
C (24)—
73 + 12 + 9 + 10 + 18 = 122
D (10)—
73 + 12 + 9 + 24 + 18 = 136
E (18)—
73 + 12 + 9 + 24 + 10 = 128
Total (73)

34	12	43
38	28	23
26	49	32

BUCK RYAN

Ryan hears the two S.S. men step aboard the empty barge and then, swimming on the blind side of the loaded barges...



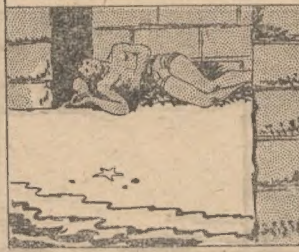
I'LL HAVE TO SWIM BACK TO THE SHORE

WHAT'S THAT WHITE BUILDING THERE? LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BUILT ON STONE PILES



PERHAPS I CAN HIDE UNDERNEATH?

And so with no other cover than his pants and a belt—which holds a few hundred franc notes—Ryan falls asleep beneath a beach café

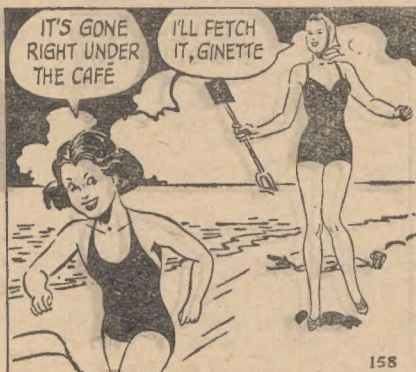


The Mediterranean sun glows on this pleasant little beach and one by one Corsican kiddies come to play—chaperoned by mothers and sisters



READY?

YES

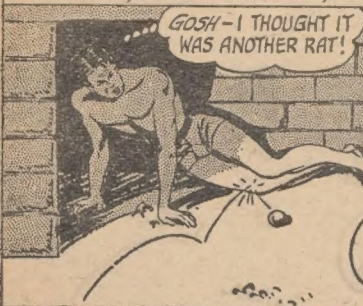


IT'S GONE RIGHT UNDER THE CAFÉ

I'LL FETCH IT, GINETTE

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The ball travels along the beach—under the café and awakens Ryan



GOSH—I THOUGHT IT WAS ANOTHER RAT!



LET ME FETCH IT, GINETTE

NO—I CAN GET UNDER EASIER THAN YOU



MIND YOUR HEAD, DEAR



OH

IS THIS YOUR BALL, GINETTE?

159



CAREFUL—MIND YOUR HEAD!

TH—THANK YOU

WHO IS THAT, GINETTE?



IT'S ONLY ME. I'VE—ER—LOST MY CLOTHES

160



I WONDERED IF YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO BUY ME A SWIMMING SUIT? I'VE GOT SOME MONEY IN MY BELT. BE A PAL. I'LL LOOK AFTER GINETTE



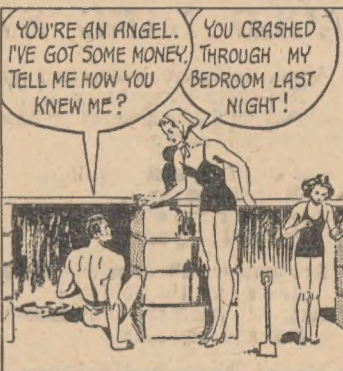
THE GESTAPO ARE DRAGGING A STREAM FOR YOUR BODY. DID YOU KNOW MARYAN?

EH?



O.K., I GIVE UP. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

GET YOU SOMETHING TO WEAR, OF COURSE! YOU LOOK STARVED



YOU'RE AN ANGEL. I'VE GOT SOME MONEY. TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW ME?

YOU CRASHED THROUGH MY BEDROOM LAST NIGHT!



OF COURSE! I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT—BUT I WAS DESPERATE... HERE, TAKE THIS—AND BRING ME SOMETHING TO EAT TOO, ANGEL.

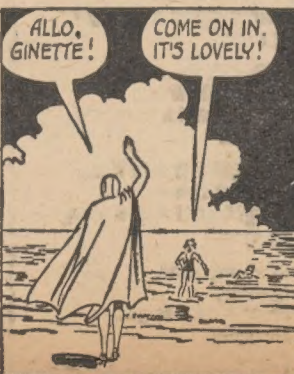


SWIM IN THE SHALLOW—WHERE GINETTE CAN PADDLE, THEN YOU CAN PUT ON A SWIM SUIT IN THE WATER. IT'S WISER THAN HIDING UNDER HERE

161



I HOPE THESE TRUNKS FIT HIM



ALLO, GINETTE!

COME ON IN. IT'S LOVELY!



BATHING TRUNKS IS THE BEST I COULD DO—WITHOUT COUPONS—M'SIEUR RYAN... PUT THEM ON, THEN COME OUT AND EAT

THANK YOU, ANGEL

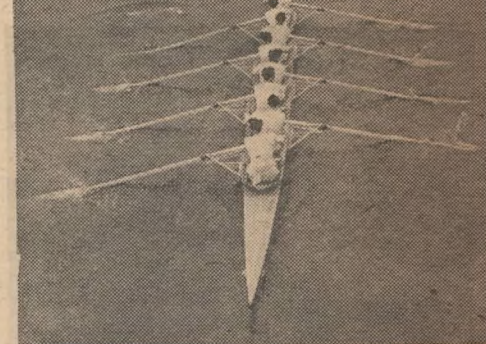


EAT THAT SAUSAGE WHILE I OPEN THIS FLASK OF WINE

I'M SO HUNGRY—I SHAN'T STOP CHEWING UNTIL I REACH MY ELBOW

162

Do you know?



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT Tom Burrows, at Aldershot in 1913, set up a record for continuous club-swinging? That he swung his clubs for 107 hours—that is, 4½ days and nights?

THAT his record of endurance is all the more remarkable when it is known that he was 45 years of age at the time?

THAT Burrows was an all-round athlete? He was a first-class boxer, swimmer and wrestler. He won the middle-weight wrestling championship of Australia.

THAT Tom Burrows trained Frank Slavin at the Cliff Hotel, Dovercourt, for the classic contest with Peter Jackson, which has been recounted for "Good Morning" readers?

THAT in 1908 Harry Green cycled from Land's End to Joan o' Groats (900 miles) in 2 days 19 hrs. 50 mins.?

THAT this record stood unsurpassed for 29 years?

THAT it was not until 1937 that it was beaten by S. H. Ferris, who covered the distance in 2 days 6 hrs. 33 mins.?

THAT H. Green held many long-distance records? In 1900 he left Dick Turpin in the shade by riding from London to York in 10 hrs. 19 mins.

THAT in the same year he put up the 12-hour record by covering 226½ miles in that time, and made another record with the London-to-Liverpool ride in 11 hours?

THAT a year later he added the 24-hour record to his achievements by covering 394 miles?

THAT in 1902 he put up new figures for 100 miles, returning 4 hrs. 36 mins. 22 secs.?

THAT in 1909 he added two more to this imposing list of records? His time for 50 miles is 2 hrs. 1 min. 2 secs., and he rode from London to Brighton and back (104 miles) in 5 hrs. 12 mins. 14 secs.

THAT horse-racing authorities in this country are at last waking up to the fact that it is in their interest to provide better facilities for the public?

THAT it is certain they can study the way greyhound-racing is presented and gain a few ideas from the youngest branch of racing?

THAT very few improvements have been made for Turf patrons in the past 100 years, and scarcely any attempt has been made to cater adequately for the public?

THAT horse-racing is much more up to date in other countries? For several years extremely close finishes, where there is always an element of doubt, have been photographed in America, Australia and other countries? We still lag behind in this respect.

THAT in 1880 the Astley Stakes at Lewes resulted in a dead-heat between four horses, and in the same race two others dead-heated for second place, only a head dividing the two sets of dead-heaters?

THAT in 1885, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in a field of five runners, four of them dead-heated for first place? The horses were Overreach, The Unexpected, Gamester, and Lady Golightly.

THAT there have been several instances of triple dead-heats?

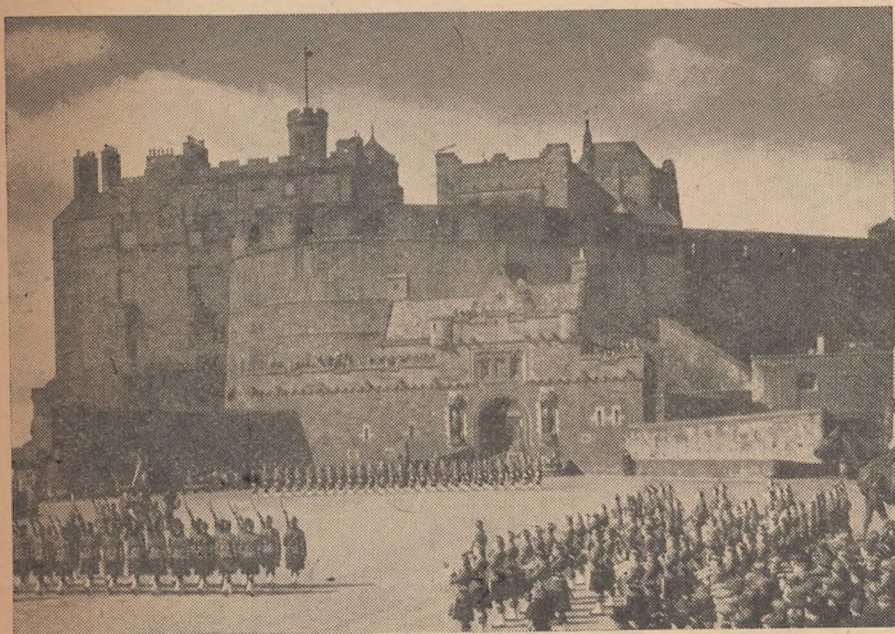
THAT all these might not have been recorded as dead-heats if the camera had been used?



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

To-day this page is for Scotsmen—and it's free!



Edinburgh Castle's safe and sound — the Argyll and Sutherland's looked after it in peace on the spot, and are making a pretty sound job of it still by remote control from Sicily.



So let's get out the car and make an early start. Actually this picture is taken near Ettrick Waters, or, for those Scotsmen who don't remember waters, near the TUSHIELAW INN.



What do we see by the wayside but the Great God Pan — this time an Edinburgh schoolboy who's out harvesting.



On we go, along the foot of the Pentland Hills, where heather and bluebells grow so near to "Auld Reekie."



Till here we are where every Scotsman half longs to be — far away and long ago. One of these kids is YOU. Don't you remember? The picture comes from the edge of Loch Tay, and you can see the Perthshire Highlands in the background.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And on past the thatched cottage — sorry — the "Thackit Biggin," in Swanston village, that might be a thousand miles away, though it never is to a Scot.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Makes me remember all the mice I've kilt."

